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Cover Image: *Travels in Indonesia. Photo: Murray Forbes. See article on p.20.*

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[RETURN TO OFDA WEBSITE.](#)

Dragons, Avatars and Folk Dancers

by Dorothy Archer

So here it is, as promised. The photo of the Forbes with the live Komodo dragon can be seen on p.26. There is still more information from Murray about these beasts in the Grapevine. And if you are as captivated by the dragons as I am, I refer you to an action shot of two fighting, www.youtube.com/watch?v=gXAdahtJopY and another one measuring the power of the dragon's bite, www.youtube.com/watch?v=28FzV5OHqMU.

Alright, enough about Komodo dragons. Murray's article about his trip to Indonesia continues. As one of our readers says, "Murray's entertaining articles always tell us where not to go – or where best to go as an armchair traveller!" Dorothy and Jeremy Sloan sailed from Vancouver to New Zealand, where Dorothy grew up, and then on to Australia. The trip by ship took 44 days. Needless to say, they flew back.

Efrim Boritz, professor of accounting and a long-time folk dancer, interviewed Cecille Ratney about her career in accounting. She was one of the first women to become a chartered accountant in Canada. The article is included here as a tribute to Cecille, who turned 101 years this past December. Carl Toushan, another person with a long history, is pictured on p.19 dressed up for the Regency Ball in Hamilton where he celebrated his 90th birthday. Also, Chef Riki Adivi is more proof that folk dancers have varied interests and abilities.

Not only did the Hamilton group have a Regency Ball but it also had a farewell party for three members of the group who are returning to Europe. The article comes complete with a diagram of the folk dancers as avatars – almost as fascinating as Komodo dragons.

Nancy Nies takes us dancing in Peru in this issue with exciting photos and videos – no dragons, no avatars, but men in boots dancing with women in bare feet.

The Bulgarian café was a great party. Not only did we all enjoy learning dances but, as Devi Caussy writes, watching the Bulgarians perform was a treat. It was also special that they stayed and danced with us and even bought OFDA T-shirts. It was an evening of friendship.

New Year's Eve was another special party held at the Adivi home and there are photos on the OFDA website, <http://ofda.ca/wp/photos/>.

VIDEOS WORTH WATCHING

Leon Balaban seems to be all over the GTA capturing folk dance performances. Here are links to his videos of the 2nd Annual Polish Credit Union Folklore Festival at John Paul II Polish Cultural Centre in Mississauga, November 12, 2017

Polish Folk Dance Festival 2017 (1)

Polish Folk Dance Festival 2017 (2)

OFDA website's Links Page:
<http://ofda.ca/wp/resources/links/>

Last fall OFDA created a special sale for extra small "Dancers Without Borders" t-shirts.

As well as a great price, anyone who took advantage of the sale was entered into a draw to win a **full year of free OFDA Cafés.**



The draw took place on New Year's Eve and the winner was **Maxine Louie.**
Congratulations, Maxine!

Thanks to member Claire McCausland for her donation to OFDA, as well as the following message from her:



My best wishes ... and holiday greetings to all the people I enjoyed dancing (with) at IFDC and Hamilton and the stage in Hamilton harbour and the park in Toronto and dance camp... I have not been dancing in Midland or Penetang. There is a new English Country session, but it is the same time as one of my art groups, which seem to take up most of my time not spent with family or fixing up my little "Claire-size" house. Penetang is a beautiful picturesque little town so there's lot of inspiration.
Claire

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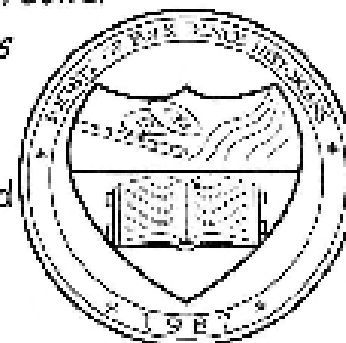
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La Marinera Norteña: National Dance of Peru

by Nancy Nies

Last spring I happened to see, in our local paper's event listings, a Cultural Night featuring a Los Angeles-based dance group calling itself Dances of Peru. The venue was nearby – at the Bakersfield College outdoor theatre – and it was a warm April evening, so Paul and I seized the opportunity to see Peruvian dancing for the first time. Dances of Peru amazed us with a variety of impressive dances and elaborate costumes representing different regions and ethnic groups of Peru. See the trailer for their October 2017 performance at <https://www.facebook.com/dancesofperu/videos/1879358809058923/>.

The most internationally known of the dances performed was the Marinera Norteña, considered Peru's national dance. The Portal de Música Peruana describes this romantic courtship dance as “agile, graceful, elegant, joyful and spontaneous.” A dance born on the north coast of Peru in the 1880s and named in honor of the Peruvian navy, its origins are disputed. Some say it derives from an ancient Inca dance; others claim it has African roots; still others believe it evolved from European dances. Its rhythms are said to show Spanish, Moorish, Andean and Roma influences. Mike Gasparovic, in an article on the World Travel List website entitled “Seduced by la Marinera,” calls the dance “a creole fusion” and “a huge source of cultural pride for Peruvians.”

A striking feature of the Marinera Norteña is that while the men wear shiny, black shoes, the women dance barefoot—as did the young women of rural northern Peru in the 19th century—and must be able to dance on hot pavement and rough surfaces. So, in addition to becoming highly skilled dancers, women must develop thick calluses on the soles of their feet.

According to Gasparovic, some women dancers “pride themselves on being able to put out cigarettes on their callused soles”!

Our introduction to Peruvian dances made us want to see more. Watch the Marinera Norteña being performed at the 2017 Marinera world championships in the Asia District, Peru, here: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NU4dVEio_x0 . If you're like me, you'll be paying special attention to the woman's feet!

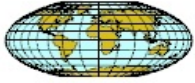


Peruvian dancers perform the Marinera Norteña in 2006.

[Link to Jim Gold's website.](#)

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Cecille Ratney: An Interview by Efrim Boritz

Photo: Bev Sidney.



Cecille chatting with Joe Graziosi at his Toronto workshop in November.

My work career started at People's Credit Jewellers in the late 1930s. I had just flunked out of second year Maths and Physics at the University of Toronto. My parents were close friends with the owners of People's Credit Jewellers. Their inventory clerk was going on vacation so they asked me to help them out - I think they were trying to help me

out. The clerk showed me what to do and off she went. Every single watch, diamond ring, etc. had a number and there was a big book with these numbers in it and you had to enter them in there, which store each item went to and so on. At the end of the year the stores would take inventory and send it in and I had to check it against the big book. This was work that a kindergarten student could do and I did it for several years.

My Dad used to drive me to work. One day he said, "I'd like to have lunch with you, I'd like to discuss something." I panicked, "What is it that he wants to talk to me about that he couldn't talk to me about at home? What's going on?" What was going on were the boys – students he had working for him - were being called up to the army, and he thought maybe I would like to come and work for him. I could learn bookkeeping and if I liked it I could take the chartered accountant course. So, I went to work for him. Later I found out that before Daddy asked me to come and work for him, he asked some of his clients what they thought. Nobody thought of hiring women. You know, in England they said they couldn't hire women because juniors had to carry briefcases and they couldn't ask a woman to carry a briefcase.

I had a girlfriend, Betty, Elizabeth Williams. We both flunked out of Maths and Physics. She got a job working for Clarkson's (Clarkson, Gordon & Co, which eventually merged with Ernst & Young). She wrote her chartered accountant exams and got first prize in her primaries, first prize in her intermediates and the highest in accounting in her finals. When men graduated, they would get "supervisor" status. Not Betty. She worked on the amalgamation of Toronto with Forest Hill and was praised for it, but it didn't get her any higher up. Finally, she decided

she was going to leave. She gave three months notice, yet time passed and she wasn't getting job interviews with clients, which was very unusual for a big firm. Finally, she got an interview with an advertising agency. It turned out the agency had interviewed 39 men before they decided to interview her. They hired her because the person they had looking after the books was not willing to adapt to any new processes. Obviously, the 39 men they interviewed were similarly inflexible. She worked there until retiring at 60 years. When Daddy took me to one client for the first time, he said, "I've never taken anybody that this client didn't complain about, so don't be upset if he complains about you." But he never complained about me. When I won the prize at the end of my first year of chartered accountancy there was a little article in the paper about this. The client never said anything to me but he pasted the article on the record book.

I signed up for the chartered accountant course in 1943 and, of course, in those days you didn't have to have a university degree but you had to work for five years in an accountant's office, take courses through correspondence, and write exams at the end of the first, third and fifth year. I wrote my primary exam at the end of the first year in 1943 and got the first prize for Ontario. I didn't get a medal or a certificate, I got \$50.

My Dad had a heart attack at the end of January and he didn't get up until June and finally went to the office

for the first time in July. By that point, the students had gone into the army and my sister came to work with us. I objected, mind you - math was her worst subject. Then I wrote my intermediates. With all that was going on at the office with my father out of commission, I had little time to study and I didn't get any more prizes. I wrote my finals in 1948. Of the 208 who attempted the final exam, I was the only "girl" in the graduating class of 84.

There was a woman in the year my father wrote his exams, which would have been at the end of 1927. Her father, her brother, her husband were all chartered accountants. She didn't make it that year, but she



Cecille receiving primary exam first prize, 1943.

did make it later. The year after I got the prize for the primary exam, Gertrude Mulcahy graduated with top honours. I believe she was the third woman chartered accountant. I think the name of the next one was Nora Folds. She went to work for the London Free Press. I was the fifth. After I graduated, I ostensibly became a partner in my father's firm and the name changed from Moses Ratney & Co. to Ratney & Ratney. But, you know, the big jobs went to Daddy anyway.

My father died of a heart attack in November 1961 and I had no idea what to do. I was in shock. Dad's brother came to me and said, "Cecille, you've got to do something right away. All your clients are wondering what's going to happen." So we ended up calling my cousin who was a chartered accountant and had trained in our office. He came in as a partner for a few years. Practically all the clients stayed with me. Now I was worried sick about doing everybody's tax returns. But of course in those days you could file a tenth of the return. In the fall of 1962 I got mononucleosis. I was away from the office totally for three months and started back gradually. It took me more than six months to get back to work fully. I was so discouraged that I applied to both the federal and provincial governments for work in their tax departments and could've had a job with either of them. But then I was working with one client that I really liked and all the time I was working I kept thinking, "I wonder if this is the last time I'm ever going to be doing this." This made me quite upset and it was quite a shock for me to discover that I really liked what I was doing. So, somehow, I muddled through that whole situation. Eventually, my cousin and I parted ways because, I guess, I wasn't as ambitious as he was. He was a family man and I didn't have any other responsibilities. So, we separated and I started using per diem help.

You have to realize that it was a very small firm. We had a few bookkeeping accounts and, of course, auditing was altogether different in those days. For our major clients we didn't do the bookkeeping but we used to go in and do the payroll. I don't know how to describe what an audit was like in those days. There weren't the kind of regulations there are today, we just took what the client gave us. Eventually of course, a lot of changes came in – we had to be there at inventory taking and make sure everything was okay. We also filed the tax returns for the clients, both the personal tax returns and the corporate returns. I also had some estate accounts. However, I didn't do much consulting.

I was very lucky with one client in the fashion business. He really adored my father. Well, nearly everybody did, my Dad was really special. I know everybody's dad is special, but mine was really special. This client's company was highly successful and just at the time Daddy died the income tax department audited the company. They were complaining about the inventory accounting. I had to look after it even though I'd never done anything like this in my life before. But, it turned out that when I got into it and straightened out the factory overhead accounts,

the client got assessed with a very small amount. And, of course, that really established me with him. He eventually was acquired by a large holding company that owned several chains of men's and women's clothing stores in Canada and, as part of the deal, he insisted that they switch from their accountant to using me as their accountant.

Over the ensuing years the changes in accounting practice were a big deal for a small firm like ours. It was difficult to absorb the changes that a big firm could easily handle. So I had to work extra hard. I took courses; whatever was needed to help me cope. I even got a computer, something I had hoped never to have to use. One of the big changes that came in was practice inspection but by the time that happened I was already working with major clients with stricter practices so I didn't have any big problems with inspection.

I used per diem help for a while, but finally I took in a new partner. Emily was working for me per diem and she was very considerate. When March and April came she saw I was struggling with the long hours and so she put in a lot of extra time to help me. Eventually I offered her a partnership.

I was getting on and I started to think about retirement so we had to find another partner. We finally got somebody who was delightful and the clients all liked her, she was very good. Well, the second she became a partner she turned into a witch. I don't know what happened to her. Before she became a partner, at the end of a week she would give us a bill and we would pay her. When she became a partner it was a whole different story. She never turned in her time records. We couldn't bill on time and yet she insisted on being paid. Money was always a big problem with her. The situation reached a breaking point when she was nasty to one of our clients whose father had been my Dad's client since the 1920s. So we decided we should part company. We paid her what we thought was coming to her but it turned out that the partnership agreement really wasn't what it should've been and she sued us. It went as far as examination for discovery, but was never concluded. I think she never paid her lawyers. We continued on for several years until we found Wayne in 1991. By that time I was 75 and well past my planned retirement age of 65. Wayne is still carrying on the practice although he doesn't use the original name anymore.

For my retirement at age 75, I had a folk dancing party for more than 170 people. I had started folk dancing in 1956 and was actively involved in the Ontario Folk Dance Association and the Ontario Folk Dance Camp. I invited one of the top folk dance teachers to come from New York to run a workshop for the community and then to run the party for my retirement - and would you believe it, it poured like mad. I'd never seen such a rainstorm in my life. What a way to end my career as an accountant.

Lone Girl Graduate Among 83 Becoming Chartered Accountants

It may be a man's world, but one young lady in this city managed to squeeze into it rather neatly this week when she became the only girl in a graduating class of 84 chartered accountants. She is Anna Cecille Ratney of 125 Chaplin Cres., and the biggest thrill of all to her is that she moves from the position of



Anna C. Ratney

auditing clerk in her father's accounting firm, Moses Ratney & Co., to a full partnership in the new firm of Ratney & Ratney. Of the 208 students who attempted the difficult accounting examinations last December, only half a dozen were girls. Miss Ratney alone made the grade, along with 83 men, most of whom are ex-servicemen. The graduating class received their certificates at a reception yesterday afternoon. The smiling Miss Ratney received much applause when her name was called, and her proud "former employer" added his substantial contribution to the cheering.

Although one spokesman of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Ontario lamented the fact that many female chartered accountants leave the field shortly after graduation to marry, Miss Ratney said she had no such plans. But some of the punch was taken out of her claims to aspirations as an accountant when she commented, rather defiantly, that the first woman ever to pass the examinations married and still stayed in the business. Nevertheless, she is currently looking forward to taking her new position in the

firm and her father, trying desperately to keep the buttons on his vest from popping, said "she's the new boss."

The meeting of the institute was presided over by President K. Le May Carter, who shook each hand vigorously when handing out the diplomas. The class, almost twice as large as the previous year's, attained a higher average of successful finalists, it was revealed, all of which pleases the institute regulars, who claim that there is still a serious shortage of chartered accountants.

RISES FROM CLERK TO PARTNER IN DAY

From auditing clerk to full-fledged partner in one day is the record of Anna Cecille Ratney, Chaplin Cres.

The only girl in a graduating class of 84 chartered accountants, she received her graduation certificate yesterday.

Today Anna moves from auditing clerk in her father's accounting firm to full partner, and it's hard to say who is most excited, Anna or her father, Moses Ratney. Mr. Ratney said: "She's the new boss."

Over 200 students, including half a dozen girls, attempted the difficult final examinations in accounting last December, but Miss Ratney was the only successful feminine candidate. Almost all the other graduates are ex-servicemen. Twice as large as last year's, this class attained a higher average of successful finalists.

At the reception yesterday, Miss Ratney was applauded as she received her certificate from K. Le May Carter, president.

OFDA Bulgarian Dance Café

by Devianée Caussy



On Saturday, November 25, OFDA hosted a Bulgarian Dance Café at Ralph Thornton Centre. The guest teachers were Mariya Zasheva and Mihail Kochankov and the group that performed is called Golden Thrace. Judith Cohen was MC.

The evening started at 6:00 p.m. with international dancing while the guests were arriving. At 7:00 p.m. we had a potluck dinner with a variety of delicious dishes from different cultures for the main course followed by equally scrumptious desserts and tea, coffee and juice.

After dinner Mariya and Mihail taught two dances, Trakijska Pravo and Kalamashkata which are from the region of Thrace in Bulgaria. The participants were enthusiastic, managed to learn the steps, and enjoyed the music and the dances.

After the teaching, 20 dancers from Golden Thrace graced us with a performance. It was a delight to watch the following three dances: Stamena and Gaida Avasi from the region of Pirin and Trakijska Rachenitsa from Thrace. The dancers were energetic and so light on their feet!

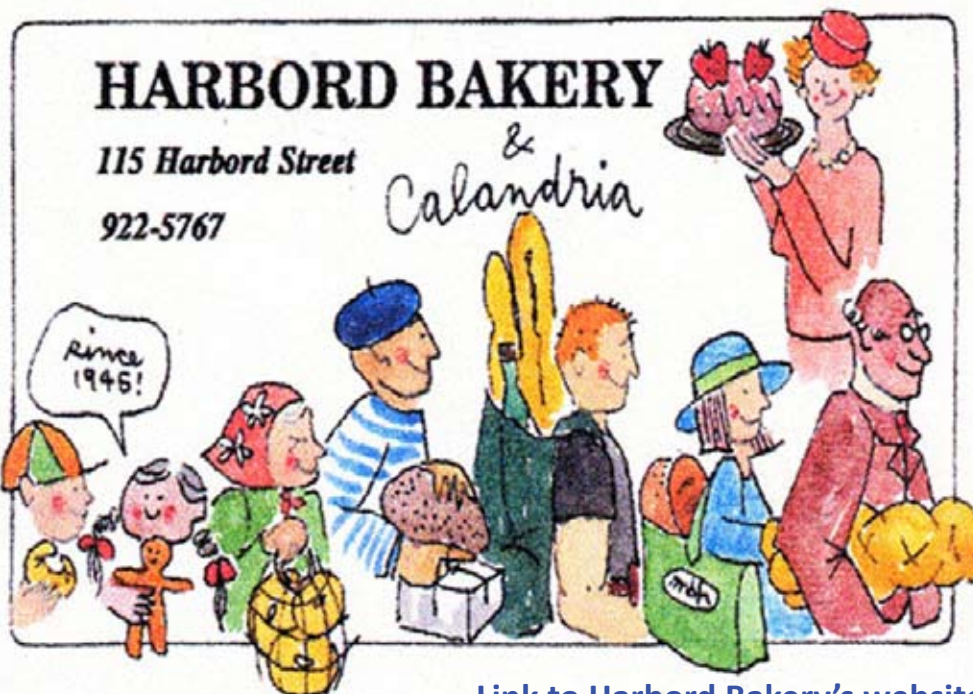


Photo: Allen Katz

The rest of the evening was devoted to international dancing with requests for favourite numbers. Members of Golden Thrace joined in the circles. Everybody seemed to have had a good time. Who wouldn't with so many delicious dishes, decadent desserts and an enthusiastic crowd?

The next day, the Golden Thrace teachers sent an e-mail expressing their delight and gratitude for having been invited to participate with OFDA and hoped to repeat it sometime.

Photo: Bev Sidney



[Link to Harbord Bakery's website.](#)

Farewell Party for Arnaud, Léa, and Raphaël: *8 December 2017*

by Stefania Szlek Miller

At the Hamilton folk dance club's last session of the year, we had a party for our young family. Léa Chauvigné, from France, joined us in September 2013 when she was beginning her doctoral studies in neurosciences at McMaster University. She was introduced to our group by Stephen Brown, her PhD supervisor. Arnaud Dubra, from Switzerland, joined her in 2014 as a visa student. Raphaël, their son born on 31 May 2016, danced his first dance in the arms of his father four days after his birth. It has been a pleasure to see Raphaël grow.

Léa and Arnaud strengthened our dance programme by introducing a number of French and other dances. Arnaud was very helpful in digitizing club music from old cassettes, and taking some good videos of special events. Léa persuaded 14 of us to take part in a dance motion study at McMaster University – interesting to see oneself as an avatar. We congratulate Dr Chauvigné on the completion of her PhD.

We wish our French family bon voyage and all the best with their families in France and Switzerland. "Paix and Joie."



Raphaël, our youngest dancer, in between Léa and Maria Racota.



Arnaud, Raphaël and Léa.

Photo: Jack Evans.

Photo: Blair Ellis.

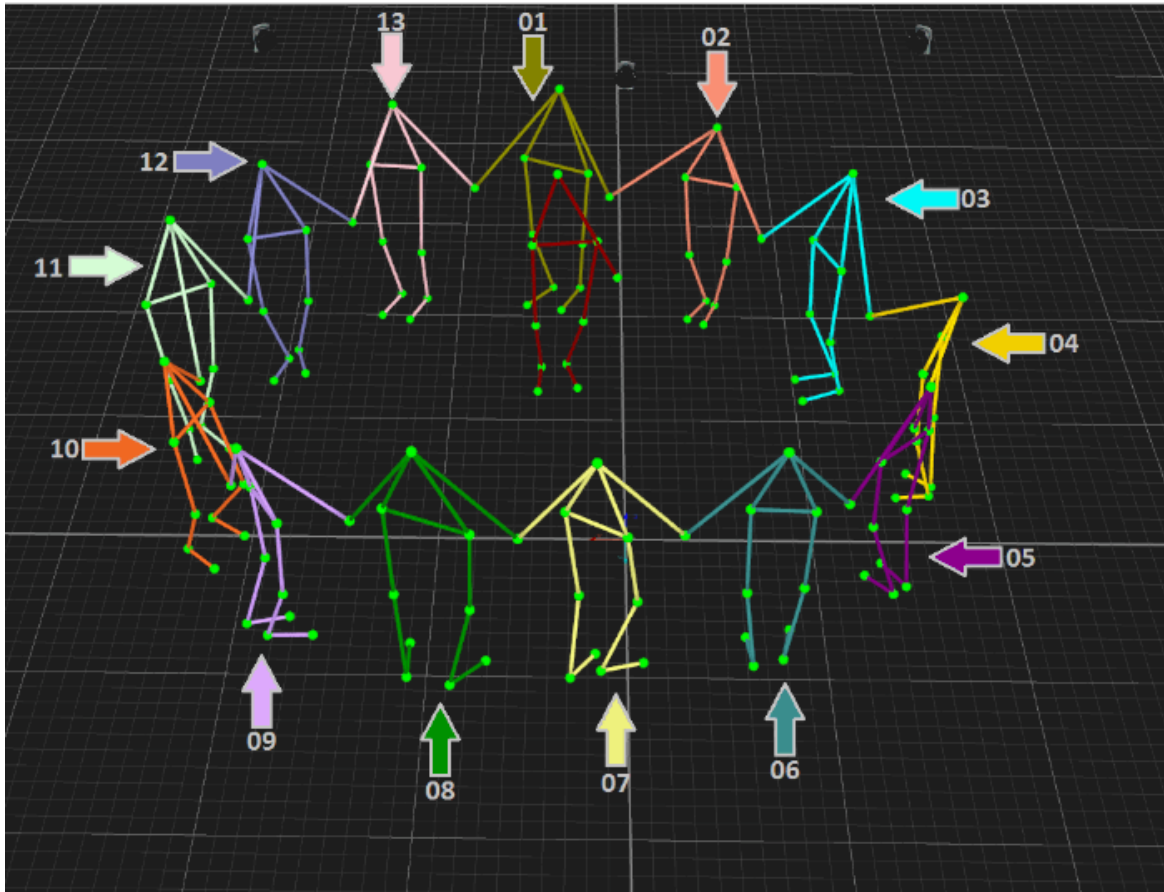


Photo: Léa Chauvigné.

Léa Chauvigné's Life Lab Motion Study with 13 Hamilton Folk Dancers
(Stefania Miller in Red in the middle with no number): May 2016.



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Regency Ball in Hamilton

by Stefania Szlek Miller

Photo: Jack Evans.



Helena Adamczyk and Brandon David.

Dressed in their finest frocks and tails, the Hamilton folk dancers and guests had a Ball on November 24th. Helena (Halina) Adamczyk and Brandon David had the most dramatic Regency outfits – not surprisingly since Helena was the costume designer for the November local theatre production of *Pride and Prejudice* and Brandon acted in one of the leading roles. Dale Hyde introduced some authentic late 18th century dances based on archival research, and his instructions,

as always, were clear with interesting background stories about each dance. Stephen Fuller accompanied by Maureen Keating on the keyboard provided the music. Stephen and Dale continue to collaborate in reconstructing the dance music of the Regency period.

Photo: Jack Evans.



Dale Hyde, Stephen Fuller, Léa Chauvigné, Arnaud Dubra, Maureen Keating, Brandon David.

Dances and music that we enjoyed included: Lady Elizabeth Conway's Delight composed by Thomas Jones, a Welsh harpist, who published his collection of dances in 1788; The Duke of York's Fancy and Number 21 from Caroline Frobisher's music copy book published in 1793; Highland Lilt, Bartholomew Fair and Excuse Me published in the late 18th century by John and William Neal (father and son) in Dublin. The Duke of Kent's Waltz has a specific Canadian connection since the Duke of Kent was appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America in 1799. He also is credited with the first use of the word "Canadian" to refer to both the French and English settlements at that time.

We celebrated Carl Toushan's 90th birthday at the Ball with a gallery of photos marking his many contributions to international folk dancing. Carl and Karen Walker were two of the founding members of the Hamilton International Folk Dance Club in 1984 and they have served on the club's executive for over 33 years. Carl's Macedonian heritage is imprinted in his proud posture, strong arms, and remarkable knees. At the Ball, he once again demonstrated his elegance as a dancer and partner in English long line dances.



Karen Walker, Carl Toushan, and Jack Evans.

Thanks to Dale and the musicians for an instructive and enjoyable Regency Ball, and to the Hamilton dancers and guests for their enthusiasm, good cheer, and food for refreshments.



Group Photo: HIFDC Regency Ball and Celebration of Carl Toushan's 90th Birthday.

Photo: Paul Tressel.

Photo: Jack Evans.

The Rainy Season in Indonesia – Stories Good and Bad, Part II

by Murray Forbes

Itinerary: Singapore (2 nights), Java – Jogjakarta (5 nights), Bali – Seminyak and Ubud (4 nights), Lombok – Kuta and Senggigi (10 nights), Flores – Labuan Bajo (3 nights), Bali – Undisan village near Bangli (3 nights), Singapore (1 night)



Photos: Murray/Lavinia Forbes.

Murray Forbes.

All sites in Indonesia are discovered and include a developed infrastructure, an entrance fee and compulsory guides. We wandered off the beaten path from time to time, for instance to the allegedly pristine beaches north of Senggigi and the city of Cakranegara. The former were pristine floating garbage disposal sites and the latter scooter-polluted chaos. Tourism is the industry and it is exploited to its maximum. That is not to say that the sites are exclusive to tourists. Large battalions of locals descend on weekends and holidays in motorcades of loud muffler-removed motor scooters.

In one of our driver's many didactic moments he startled us with the information that Indonesian women "make love to" lots of different men before they choose which one they want, at which point, the chosen man "kidnaps" her. In the fullness of the ensuing conversation, it materialized that he meant they court lots of different men and the kidnapping is really eloping because the men have to pay for their wives and, as possession is nine-tenths of the law, the negotiations go better after elopement. Later we discovered from the same source, that in order to afford two wives, you need to live in a more humid part of the island than he does, so one can get up to three harvests of rice a year. I considered suggesting a mail order catalogue so that they would not have to take time out from the fields and could maybe afford three wives but thought it better not to share these thoughts with him. In fact, we witnessed the extremely tame "making love" on an outing with our driver to the very beautiful Selong Belanak beach further west than Kuta on the south coast. Since there were no other tourists, we got mobbed into renting an excruciatingly uncomfortable bamboo beach recliner which we chose as far away from the radio entertainment as possible in the forlorn hope that itinerant sales enthusiasts of all ages would not exhaust themselves reaching us. It materialized, however, that immediately behind us, in the shade of strategic bushes, young couples, the women dressed in tents daringly revealing wrists and ankles, would sit together and admire each other's eyes. Quite cute really and not at all x-rated.

Finally when the combination of a particular insistent child bangle salesman and the rain moved us on, we went to the more developed but

equally magnificent Mawun beach and watched the trainee surfers being hurled from the waves – it beats the forum. Luckily, when the storm finally hit full on, we were sheltered in a nice-looking beach restaurant from which we picked at the enormous pile of inedible food that they manage to produce for tourists .

Our persuasive driver, working his way through all the tourist destinations, against a great deal of resistance I might add, got us mobilized on a trip to the three Gilis. These small islands all seem to come in threes – maybe it’s symbolic – but the three he got us on were off the southwest coast near the ferry to Bali called Gili Nanggu, Susan and Kedis. Much more profitable than fishing, tourists are herded into fishing boats and deposited with snorkels on Nanggu, at lunchtime they are shuttled on to Susan and then taken to snorkel three times round the beautiful but minute Kedis. Snorkeling for plastic bags and jelly fish not being our passion we took off down the tourist-cleaned beach to the other end of the Nanggu where we admired the garbage and more agreeable longer range views in peace and solitude. Being used to lunch at 2:30 Spanish style, we then persuaded our boatman to take us straight to Kedis. It was an inspired choice and we spent some peaceful quality time there before



View from Gili Kedis.

repairing to Susan for a beachside meal of fish, out of the sea into the frying pan so to speak. Unfortunately the vegetables, which I tend to avoid like the plague, eroded Lavinia’s stomach in a significant way beyond the scope of this narrative. On our way back I was convinced that Kedis was going to sink under the weight of all the tourists perched cheek and jowl on it.

Things got more and more hectic in Kuta as the Nyale Festival approached. Anxious to escape the worm-eating ceremony we moved on the day before the actual festival but visitors in vast numbers descended on this little village, including, judging by the army and police escort and accompanying bus loads of Indonesians, some mighty poohbahs. One significant day a year, at 3:00 or 4:00 a.m. hoards of people descend onto the beaches to capture sea worms which they eat in the hope, against all visible evidence, that it will keep them young eternally. Being Indonesia, there is a bizarre legend about a beautiful princess being pursued by two mighty princes and, knowing that whichever she chose would instigate

a war between suitors, she chose to drown herself instead. I'd have thought she would have done better eloping with a commoner but then I am a commoner. Anyway the worms in some grotesque Gorgonian way are meant to represent her hair and eating them, in addition to stomach ache, is meant to give eternal life.

We much preferred Senggigi on the west coast of Lombok which, although more developed for tourism, had a wider, more open feel to it. It is the hopping-off ground for three bigger Gilis which have developing tourist infrastructures and are popular holiday destinations. Being "giled out" we held our own against our driver's sales pitch and got him to take us to some more waterfalls at Sidang Gile on the north side of the national park instead. It was a long uninteresting drive but again our driver partly saved us by getting us mobilized at an ungodly hour – in point of fact, without much additional hardship, as our very pleasant accommodation, a short walk out of Senggigi village, was right next door and within ear-splitting distance of the principal mosque so we were naturally catapulted out of sleep at 4:30 a.m. These Falls are far more developed and already, by the time we arrived, a gathering of visitors and an impressive human infrastructure had assembled. By the time we left it was like rush hour in downtown Toronto. There were large numbers of Asian tourists including men with their totally embalmed following of women of all ages trying to splash their way through the river and over slippery rocks to the second of the falls. The Falls were certainly a magnificent sight and most of the path was along well-maintained track but it got pretty rough towards the actual Falls. One could, and I did, swim in these but it is pretty dangerous and a number of tourists have died by getting too close to the flow from the falls and being swept down the river. It was also bracingly cold. While we were taking pictures of the Falls our compulsory guide and his fellow guides were taking pictures of the extremely scantily dressed young Australian girls ahead of us whose swimsuits left very little to the imagination. This was not our most successful outing but the restaurant by the parking lot was lovely with beautiful landscaping and great views over the terraced rice paddies in one



Murray and Lavinia at Sidang Gile Falls.

direction and the waterfalls and mountains in the other.

Outside of prayer time, our hotel was peaceful and charming backing straight onto the jungle. On one occasion we saw a family of black monkeys having a go at a coconut tree behind us. The young Muslim ladies running the hotel while the Australian owner was away could not have been more helpful and through them I found out how we could flag down a bemo – a sort of van which follows a set route picking up everyone who waves at it for a derisory price. Bemo drivers are not renowned linguists and so knowing how many notes to thrust upon them at one's destination was a great help. In fact we managed to get two bemos, the second of which deposited us in the urban sprawl of Cakranegara by its enormous market. After a slightly uncomfortable meander through it in real Indonesia, we decided to walk over to the water palace which was our prime objective. Two impediments presented themselves. First, our route took us past a very holy Hindu temple where we were waylaid by a sash rental agent eager for us to visit this wonder. Having managed to get past this hurdle, we then had to cross the major road and its non-stop stream of traffic. In fact, it is just a matter of nerves because Indonesians, in general, are not homicidal and as long as one walks slowly and predictably forward avoiding all eye contact, they manage to work their way around you – most of the time.

The water palace, once we had paid the prescribed sash rental fee, was an oasis of tranquility and we enjoyed immensely wandering around the lake and Hindu temples on our own. We then had the ill-advised idea of working our way through the urban sprawl to Mataram, the capital, to visit an American-style mall whose only merit was that it was air-conditioned. This we did in great style to the delight and amusement of following scooter drivers. The Lombok Ferrari is a horse-drawn vehicle with seating designed for dwarves and is a local mode of transportation not a tourist attraction. While we were bent double in the back of one of these, our incredible horse maneuvered the intense traffic and scooter-infested streets at a steady trot in immense heat depositing us in front of this posh mall amongst the limos and taxis. American is hip in Indonesia but we eventually gave up to an impatient queue at Wendy's when it slowly materialized that



Lombok Ferrari.

it had in fact no baked potatoes. Dunkin' Donuts is a particularly hip thing to like, and we witnessed whole shelf loads of gruesome looking donuts being emptied into boxes for a heavily camouflaged lady who was obviously having an all you can eat donut party.

Money proved to be a major issue. No one takes credit cards. There are lots of cash machines but even after I persuaded my ruthlessly efficient Canadian bank that it was I and not some scoundrel imposter trying in vain to eke notes with very large numbers of zeros at the ends of them out of the bank machines, it was always touch and go – some did and some didn't. Also, being slightly dyslexic, I agonized over differentiating for instance between 5,000 and 50,000 rupees (50 cents and \$5) – merchants were very polite and even put me right when I was trying to pay a decimal point too much.

One of our hilarious off-the-tourist-track outings to inspect pristine litter-strewn beaches and fend off aggressive fisherfolk landed us at the side of the road huddled from the sun under a roadside warung (very basic eating establishment including a platform to eat on and guaranteed to cure even the most persistent constipation). It happened like this. No bemos in sight, we were befriended by an unofficial taxi salesman who insisted that he would wait for us. I won this battle to our detriment. Although while struggling up a steep hill without shade from one bay to another we were hailed by multiple offers of taxi services, when we really needed them there was no van, truck or car to be seen. Making a spectacle of myself, waving my arms in a deranged manner at any moving object produced no beneficial results whatsoever. Then a scooter driver took shade with us and while befriending us and empathizing with our plight it materialized that he was also a sarong, shell, necklace – in fact anything you wanted (except transportation) – salesman. Captive, we eventually negotiated for a couple of tablecloth-sized sarongs whereupon he became even more concerned with our transportation needs. At one point he shot off on his scooter allegedly to try and track down a taxi for us only to return with a fresh pile of unwanted merchandise. Just when we were contemplating a roadside holiday for the rest of our stay along came a rattly old bemo to save our day and we had a happy return crouched over the sacks of rice and flour amid fellow riders.

There are three ways from Lombok to Flores. One is a tourist boat that meanders there amongst the islands over the course of three days, offering snorkeling on the way. Another is to take the ferry to Sumbawa, the next island, and somehow find transportation across it and then another ferry off the end of it to Flores, which sorely tempted me. The third, for which we opted, was a flight to Bali and then another flight to Flores. I had found, what turned out to be an extremely pleasant hotel just outside of Labuan Bojo, the capital of Flores, but the location was also a bit of a nuisance. Although we enjoyed relative peace and

quiet in our artificial beachside setting with a pool and comfortable air-conditioned rooms and nicely landscaped gardens, everything else happened in the town to which the hotel provided a shuttle but only at very prescribed intervals. We availed ourselves on the first night and got dumped beside the wharf where the fishermen grill for you the fish that you point at – not dainty but delicious.

The cash cow here, and the reason behind the lively tourist infrastructure, is a gigantic lizard that escaped extinction with its fellow dinosaurs and lives on protected in Jurassic Park. We ignored the sound advice from our travel guide to go down to the harbour and negotiate with a variety of Komodo dragon boat trip agents in favour of an offer from our hotel staff. Following some deceptively ambiguous negotiations, we understood that we were to be transported at a very early hour to the port where a fisherman would chug us along for two hours to Rinca Island (these lizards only live on Rinca Island and neighbouring Komodo Island). We would then get to see these dangerous monsters, have a walk around to try and see some that were not fed to immobility on display by the ticket office, be fed something and chugged back to our transportation to the hotel, all at a rather high and non-negotiable price. We chartered the boat for just the two of us to escape the prescribed snorkel torture. When we arrived at the harbor we were met by someone we didn't know who told us that we had to pay the harbor entrance fee and then the park entrance fee and mandatory guide fee. A lively discussion ensued followed by a lengthy phone call and our shamefaced travel arranger agreed that we should collect up the receipts to be reimbursed when we got back to the hotel, which partially occurred after a great deal of hassle and discussion. The chugging went on monotonously and, as there were no life jackets and the two drivers kept ducking into the engine compartment looking dubious, it was not a restful journey. Luckily we arrived early because this is an extremely discovered pastime and mega-boatloads were arriving as we left. The \$60 entrance fee bought us a young guide who was most definitely not going to take us into the wild to see dangerous lizards, using the pretext of it being too dangerous in rainy season because there were too many poisonous snakes around. Nevertheless, this was an impossible-to-miss experience and most definitely one of the highlights.



Komodo dragons at rest.

The average adult male Komodo dragon weighs about 75 kg and is about three metres long. It has about 54 types of bacteria in its saliva which the scientists believe weakens its prey which it can detect four to seven km away with the wind in the right direction. It eats meat, dead or alive, anything from its own young to water buffalos, including



Komodo dragon in foreground. Is it real? For answer, see p.30.

humans. The villager who guided us explained that it is a real issue in his village keeping these critters out of the graveyards. It can also run up to 20 km/h for short distances. Their solution for the ones that hang around the ticket office is that they throw a couple of tourists at them at the beginning of the day and this slows them down for later tourists – it’s simply a matter of timing. They eat their prey either by swallowing them whole or tearing great chunks out of them and then letting them digest over the course of up to a few weeks. They then regurgitate a mucousy foul smelling mixture of horns and fur, false teeth and other nice stuff.

The flight back to Bali would have been hilarious if it had happened to anyone but us. I made the mistake of going upmarket and flying Garuda, the national airline, which naturally costs more than any other option but has a slightly higher probability of survival. It was impossible to book online because, even guessing the Indonesian-only instructions, they refused to accept my credit card. In the end I had to take a taxi to their offices at the airport to buy my tickets with the credit card that the website wouldn’t recognize. We were then delayed two hours in the primitive airport facilities of Labuan Bajo. We were credibly told by an American couple who live in Jogjakarta and we had met at our hotel, that the Vice-President of Indonesia sees himself as one of the “people” and, therefore, declined to fly securely in the presidential jet to some military airport insisting instead on lining up like normal folk and flying from Bali airport pretending to be “a people.” The fly in the ointment was that his security team then shut down the airport for two hours so that he avoided being “a people” with actual people. We arrived

irritated to find that the hotel driver had come with a guide to lead us to our hotel and what is more the guide insisted on speaking pidgin French to us. We got to know him afterwards when he had batted onto a group of French tourists and he proved to be a pleasant if eccentric chap practicing three hours of yoga a day for his spiritual enlightenment.

In any event, after we bailed out of the coastal traffic jam and headed for the interior everything changed. This was Bali of 40 years ago. We had sprung for an expensive eco tourist lodge – sort of rustic chic – on the outskirts of a tiny agricultural village not far from Bangli. It was a village enterprise owned and run by members of the village and they had done a superb job. The huts were built in the traditional way with thatched roofs and carved wooden everything. All the comments in the tourist book were by French people probably in search of the noble savage forgetting, I suppose, that while Rousseau’s ancestors were living in caves the Balinese had a sophisticated and thriving civilization. Sharing the toil of the land we did not, but the views over the rice paddies and up to the Mount Batur volcano, the second highest in Bali, were magnificent. Initially we were the only guests and were treated like royalty. Later a French family and some friends arrived and as they were spending more money than we were this seriously eroded our illusion of self-importance. It was a very tranquil and beautiful



Huts in the village enterprise near Bangli.

place exquisitely landscaped with fountains and flowing water complete with amplified frogs. Part way through our stay, admittedly, quiet was superseded by Hindu celebrations to persuade the new moon to start getting bigger again. Gamelan music being less insistent than amplified imams we rather enjoyed waking up to it. The cock fighting down the road on the other hand we could have done without.

The first day we walked into the sprawling village and eventually arrived where the road to Bangli cuts through. Here we discovered that the village of Undisan was so remote that the bemos did not even go through it. However, after a few urgent phone calls our driver of the day before turned up and agreed to take us to Bangli and then hang around to take us back. Naturally he was accompanied by a guide who had great plans for us which we, however, declined, settling for a rendezvous at a fried chicken place. We did not do well in this straggly town and seemed to walk forever to the rundown famous Hindu temple where we had to rent another sash. The most spectacular part of this temple for

me was the gigantic banyan tree that had invaded some of the buildings. On returning to our rendezvous, our guide turned out to be a really nice guy and we should have abdicated our lives to him. When we told him that we were unable to find the tiny little bananas which are so delicious, he immediately bundled us into the car and deposited us at the lively and impressive local market which was in full swing.



Banyan tree overtaking Hindu temple.

After some unequal negotiations, our driver and guide turned up the next day to take us up to Penelokan and Danau Batur which roughly translated means the volcano Mount Batur and the lake in its crater. After a long winding ascent we reached this well-developed tourist attraction where luckily, it being relatively out of season, the ticket collector was too occupied doing his e-mails to bother to extract his fees. Basically people go there to start the three day hike up to the peak and back. The views were

superb and our driver did manage to get us through the garbage to the edge of the lake on a couple of occasions. The last major eruption was in 1972 and there was an impressive layer of black lava around. Our tour ended predictably in a gigantic rim-side restaurant catering for bus tours where one could partake of an enormous buffet meal and gawk at the incredible views.



Lavinia and Murray with Mount Batur in the background.

Our trip to Indonesia amply fulfilled its primary objective: it was unambiguously warm. Once we accepted that Indonesians are wonderfully protected behind their inscrutable smiles and we are the industry, it was in fact a most interesting and fascinating trip. Amongst themselves, they live in a highly formal hierarchical society in which everyone gets their piece of the pie and we who insist on carrying our own luggage must seem like total savages.

MAINEWOODS DANCE CAMP 2018

Fryeburg, Maine



Session One, Aug 12-18

Roberto Bagnoli, Israeli
Steve Kotansky, Balkan
Richard Schmidt, Polish
MerakKef Express, Musicians
Plus, English, Contrabass & Squares
with **John McIntire**

Session Two, Aug 19-25

Wim Bekooy, International
France Bourque-Moreau
French-Canadian & More
Yves Moreau, Bulgarian & Balkan
Barbara Pixton & Julia Poirier, Musicians

www.mainewoodsdancecamp.org



The Grapevine

Pauline Hill had trouble undoing her seat belt when she returned from London in October and another passenger came to help. Pauline wondered why people were staring until she realized that the gentleman who had come to her aid was Chris Hadfield.

Riki Adivi recently completed a course in gourmet cooking. As part of the course requirements for graduation, she planned, cooked and served a luncheon to 20 people.

Dorothy Sloan writes; “Jeremy and I have just returned from a 44-day cruise from Vancouver to Auckland, N.Z. At many of the ports in New Zealand, I was able to catch up with “girls” with whom I was at boarding school in Oamaru years ago. From Auckland, we flew to Sydney where our children, Gillian and Alastair live. Gillian has multiple myeloma and is presently undergoing her second stem cell transplant which includes three months isolation so we could not visit her. We hope it works this time. Alastair ran in the New York marathon – crazy guy !!!” Dorothy fears that her dancing days are over as she has developed a wobbly hip but she hopes that current technology will cure it. Our best wishes and keep dancing.



Chef Riki.

In response to the question whether the dragon in the photo with the Forbes was real or carved from stone, Murray wrote “Real and alive indeed and very dangerous. When they are fed they sit digesting their food, sometimes up to a week, and they only get going again when they are hungry. I have a number of photographs of the group of them that have been fed and therefore are relatively immobile near the reserve entrance. There was an incident about a year ago when one of these critters went for a tourist and, because of the bacteria that they have in their saliva, this is very dangerous. Normally they don’t hang around together but hunt solo. However, I guess the chance of effortless free food gathers some of them to the park entrance. While we were there the guy in the hut beside them made food giving noises and the whole group leaped up with uncomfortable rapidity. It might not have been the smartest thing for us to pose with one but our guide suggested it and, let’s face it, what is decapitation when it comes to image.”

Helen Winkler writes “I was asked to do a dance program at Dani, my daughter Rita’s day program. The National Council of Jewish Women had decided that they wanted to do a Chanukah event at Dani. There

were 22 of their members there, along with the Dani* participants and a group from Reena* who came as well. I did a whole bunch of my special needs dances and it was kind of amazing just to see the women learning the dances, alongside the Dani/Reena participants. It truly brought the two groups together in a way that would be difficult to achieve through any other activity. There instantly was a feeling of community in the room. Just kind of emphasized the power of dance!”

**Dani’s mission is to create opportunities for adults with physical and/or cognitive challenges so that they can participate fully as valued members of the community. Reena promotes dignity, individuality, independence, personal growth and community inclusion for people with developmental disabilities within a framework of Jewish culture and values.*



Photo: Jack Evans.

Joe Graziosi, Stefania S. Miller, Shelagh Beattie and Judy Bourke.

Terri Taggart, a big fan of Joe Graziosi and his style of Greek dancing, learned that he was going to be in Montreal to do a workshop in November and promptly took the opportunity to make the connections for him to do an evening workshop in each of Toronto and Hamilton. It had been some years since we last saw Joe here, so, kudos to Terri for bringing these workshops together!

Rafi Kosower (Roz Katz’s brother) died December 31st. He was a good friend of OFDA’s and sometimes came to parties even though he was not a dancer. He donated a cake

from the Harbord Bakery (owned by his family) for many OFDA special events. Also, he enjoyed reading Folk Dancer, cover to cover.



Between 50-60 people greeted 2018 at OFDA’s New Year’s Eve party in King, Ontario, hosted by Riki and Stav Adivi. More photos at <http://ofda.ca/wp/photos/>